

## SUMMER VACATIONS.

Dr. Talmage Draws Some Lessons from Our Annual Outings.

Dangers and Temptations That Surround Our Watering Places. Necessity of a Period of Inoculation.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.) Washington, Aug. 29.

At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John 3:2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 360 feet long, 130 feet wide and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigorating was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale, a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication. But I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress or Sharon or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia and splenic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdae are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen, the trout make fatal snags at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliants into the game basket; the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on its festive array, and the rumbling of the tennin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rattle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering places is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet—piston and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged-out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives.

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoculation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles: "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day—that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospects of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the doors bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house or Sharon Springs or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara falls or the White mountains take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in

those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesque of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with \$2,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darned it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling halls and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the wiles and the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of Heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming, but under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They took up their spunking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and dash down on the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga and Brighton Beach and Cape May and nearly all the other watering places is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The men on the horses riding around long ago arranged who shall win. Leaning from the stand or from the carriages are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocket-books and the portemonnaies. Men looking on see only a string of horses with their riders flying around the ring. But there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inequity and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck go the horses in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor: black horse of ruin. Death says: "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says: "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash, dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as I expected. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness "huzza! huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing dissipations this summer.

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of the country than nearly all other things combined. Society is an artificial thing that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severe test of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find a war vessel as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my con-

tempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed dude, who, performed until the air is actually sick, spends the summer in striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful steps; but amid the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye, she is drunk. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to astound the Tiffanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial" or she is "merry" or she is "festive" or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the tennin or billiard game they tipple. At the close of the collition they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws and they tipple. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom indeed can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal shoot or the Mount Washington rail track, and shove him off. But this is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret and the second mile it is sherry and the third mile it is punch and the fourth mile it is ale and the fifth mile it is whiskey and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different, and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you 50 bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of those summer watering places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron and so much of soda and so much of lime and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, Heaven. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to this watering place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it, oh step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Capt. Naaman, who, blotched and caruncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.



MAKING A SOD-HOUSE. The Kind of Structure Here Illustrated Is Very Popular in Some Parts of the West.

Plow the sod one foot wide and four inches deep, and for a three-foot wall cut with a spade into two foot lengths. Build around the four sides, keeping the walls as near the same height as possible, so they will settle alike. Always lay the grassy side of the sod down. Smooth off with a spade, filling the cracks with the dirt, making a solid compact wall. Lay the sod as you would



bricks there will be no running cracks. Leave places for door and window slightly narrower than the frames, sod up till almost to the top, then fit in the frames tight, and over each put a board, one 2 by 12 by 6 inches, will do, to support the weight of the sod above. Have the roof project a foot over the walls, so as to drain the water well off the top of the walls. Grooved boards, battened, make a good roof, although many prefer to cover the boards with tar felt and then a layer of sod. The only objection to this is that after two or three years the tar felt has to be renewed and new sod added. But it makes the warmest roof and if carefully put on sheds water as well as a shingled roof. The small drawing shows window as it appears within, and indicates supports for roosts.—Farm and Home.

CLEAN HOUSEKEEPING. Italian Bees Are Extremely Neat and Do Not Tolerate Dirt Around Their Hives.

One of the great points of difference between an Italian and the common black bee is that the Italian is a good housekeeper and the black bee is a poor one, says Wallace's Farmer. The Italian does not tolerate any dirty combs or any loose chips lying on the floor of the hive or about the entrance. If anything gets in too big to be carried out, she buries it in propolis or bee gum. Why does she keep house in this fashion? Partly because she likes it, like most good housekeepers, and partly because she doesn't want any moth eggs to be lying about in the dust, where the moths will lay them if they can, and then be carried into the combs filled with bee bread, there to hatch out and work their way between the broad cells and spin their webs around the wings and toes of the baby bees. Like most good housekeepers, the Italian is not a nervous body. She goes at it calmly, deliberately, with a level head, and always keeps cool, while the black bee gets alarmed, loses her head, and runs whenever there is danger. The black bee is saucy, irritable and cross-grained; the Italian is good-natured, cool-headed, but when she does fight she means business. The black bee will buzz around, make a terrible fuss, and threaten to wipe the earth with you; the Italian will strike you as quick as lightning and say nothing about it. Queer, isn't it, that there should be the same difference between bees that there is between housekeepers and between men; that cool-headedness and courage and effective work should be found in one type of bees and in one type of men, and that slovenliness, fussiness, braggadocio and ill-temper should be found in another? There are a great many things to be learned by a little observation in the beehive.

Medium-Sized Males Best. A male of medium size should be preferred to one that is heavy and clumsy. Most persons pay too much attention to the size. They overlook the fact that the larger the bird the longer the period required for reaching maturity. Provided the male selected is pure bred, it is an advantage if he is small rather than large, where the object is to hatch out pullets that are desired to mature early. In selecting the male let it be done with some object in view and which is to be accomplished. It is of no advantage to accept one as a gift if he is not suitable for the purpose. Bear in mind also that the male, so far as his influence is concerned, is one-half of the flock.—Maine Farmer.

Cause of Leg Weakness. Now that the young roosters are running at large they will grow rapidly if properly fed, but should the weather become damp they may suddenly show weakness in the legs. If they eat and seem well otherwise they will soon come in proper condition, as the weakness is caused by the birds growing in height rather than in breadth, the legs seeming to grow longer. Such birds show the effects more on a sudden change of the weather than at any other time, as if rheumatic. Keep them in a dry place, feed plenty of bone meal, and they will not only easily get over it, but will eventually be the largest ones in the flock.—Farm and Fireside.

## CHRONIC WEATHER KICKERS.

The Luncheon Philosopher Gives His Views on Mankind in General.

"Dye ever notice," said the luncheon philosopher, "what a never-contented lot o' pinheads we are? Now, it seems no time at all since I was a-rarin' around and kickin' like lazies because the leaves and crocuses didn't appear on schedule time. I believe I blamed my wife for it. I was so dead sick and tired of chilly blasts and my olive green top-coat that I sort o' held her personally responsible for the backwardness of the lilacs and daisies and pansies. I told her that I wanted red-hot, sizzling weather, and lots of it—that for all I cared a ding sun could go on sizzling forever. Now I find that I'm sick of the summer. I find myself longing to bear the leaves swirling in the ditches and to have the fire lighted in the latrobe. I find that I want to take brisk walks in the sharp, chilly air. I find that I'm hungry for buckwheat cakes and sausage. I'm tired o' beer. I'm weary of car riding out in the country. Durn it all—I want snow three feet high, blizzards of it and I want the theaters and the hot Scotchies! And along toward the end of next February I'll be chewing the rag, in the same old way, about moving to some tropical country, where I can get warmed up and be fanned by balmy zephyrs, and all that kind o' beat. We don't know what we want. We even get sick of seasons that we long for, much as kids get sick of their painted Noah's ark or tin soldiers."—Washington Post.

A Fable in Stocks.

Once upon a time an operator in stocks was sold short, and ruin stared him in the face unless the market should break. In his desperation he remembered having heard that honesty is the best policy. He tried to dismiss the foolish thought, but in vain. Finally, like the drowning man catching at a straw, he resolved to try being honest. The very next day he put his design into execution, and he hadn't been honest more than 15 minutes when 17 of the leading bulls fell dead, they were so surprised at him. Hereupon the market naturally broke, and the operator could get all the stocks he wanted at his own figure. It is claimed that some, if not all, of these bulls had taken radishes and ham for breakfast, but that, it is submitted, does not destroy the moral of this fable.—Detroit Journal.

Doctor and Patient.

Dr. Brown—Aren't you rather inconsistent? You told me the other day that you are ten per cent. better than you were when you first consulted me, and now you have come here and want me to take 20 per cent. off my bill.

Conscience—But I am not here this time for my health.—Boston Transcript.

Just So.

"You big dog-gasted duffer!" cried the star centerfielder, "did you say I was out?" "Precisely," replied the umpire. "You are just \$25 out." And he carefully noted the fine in his little book.—Philadelphia North American.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

An Ounce of Prevention.

"Doctor, a friend of mine has assured me that sucking lemons will prevent sea sickness. Is that true?" "Yes," provided you sit in the shade of a tall tree while you suck the lemon."—Standard and Catholic Times.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pinkettes—Mary Thomson, 294 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 10, '94.

"I should think that such a husband as Mrs. Meekleigh's would drive her to desperation." "Never. He's too mean. He'd make her walk."—Kansas City Star.

"How do you pronounce the word but-terine?" asked the customer. "The last syllable is silent," stiffly replied the tradesman.—What to Eat.

## THE MARKETS.

New York, Aug. 21.	
FLOUR—No. 2 red...	74 1/2 @ 75 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 red...	74 1/2 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2...	35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
OATS—No. 2...	25 1/2 @ 26 1/2
RYE—No. 2 western...	59 1/2 @ 60 1/2
BEEF—Extra mess...	8 1/2 @ 9 00
BUTTER—Family...	11 00 @ 12 00
LAARD—Western...	5 00 @ 5 50
BUTTER—Western...	17 1/2 @ 18 1/2
CHEESE—Large white...	34 1/2 @ 35 1/2
CHEESE—Western...	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WOOL—Domestic...	19 1/2 @ 21 1/2
TEXAS...	19 1/2 @ 21 1/2
CATTLE—Steers...	4 00 @ 4 50
SHEEP...	3 00 @ 3 50
HOGS...	5 00 @ 5 25
CLEVELAND.	
FLOUR—Winter wheat...	4 00 @ 4 20
Minnesota patents...	3 90 @ 4 10
Minnesota bakers...	3 10 @ 3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red...	71 1/2 @ 72 1/2
CORN—No. 2 yellow...	37 1/2 @ 38 1/2
OATS—No. 2 white...	26 1/2 @ 27 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery...	19 1/2 @ 20 1/2
CHEESE—York state...	10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
Ohio state new...	8 1/2 @ 9 1/2
EGGS—Fresh...	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
POTATOES—Per bushel...	45 @ 50
SEEDS—Prime timothy...	1 20 @ 1 40
Hay—Timothy...	3 00 @ 3 50
Bulk on market...	10 00 @ 11 50
CATTLE—Steers...	5 00 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Fair...	3 75 @ 4 25
HOGS—Medium...	4 50 @ 4 90
CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR—Family...	2 30 @ 2 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red...	70 1/2 @ 71 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed...	31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed...	21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
RYE—No. 2 western...	58 1/2 @ 59 1/2
HOGS...	3 00 @ 3 50
TOLEDO.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red...	74 1/2 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed...	31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed...	20 1/2 @ 21 1/2
BUPALO.	
BEEVES—Best steers...	5 00 @ 5 50
Veals...	6 00 @ 6 25
SHEEP—Mixed grades...	4 40 @ 4 75
Lambs...	6 00 @ 6 50
HOGS—Yorke...	4 50 @ 5 00
Pigs...	4 25 @ 4 50
PITTSBURG.	
BEEVES—Extra...	5 00 @ 5 50
Good...	5 25 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Prime wethers...	4 50 @ 4 60
Lambs...	5 25 @ 5 75
HOGS...	4 50 @ 4 95
Pigs...	4 00 @ 4 15

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Waggies—I guess so; they ate him up.—Judge.

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Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Per-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Per-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

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